
The Personal History

of

Barbara Grace Elswood
Larsen

Reaching back into my memory, one of my earliest recollections is having really long hair and how painful it was to get the tangles out as Mother would comb it. I remember coaxing her to cut it--and one day she did just that. Later in the day, I was sitting out on the front lawn and Mother came out and, in her unique way, called "Barbara"--it was so melodious and so loud. She didn't recognize the strange little girl sitting on her front lawn.

I also have a faint recollection of going to Salt Lake City to see my Grandma Elswood, that brave soul who joined the Church in England, and came with her sons and daughter to live in America, leaving behind in England, her husband who never joined the Church. I have wondered so many times of the emotions they each must have felt at this separation. The sacrifices so many people have made when they have joined the Church is so humbling to me. I wonder if I could have done it--I hope so. A little item of interest was written by my Uncle Sid (my Dad's brother) to their sister, Polly. He wrote: "I don't recall any others in the family of Robert Cousins, our grandfather on our Mother's side. I never knew either of these grandparents, but they were among the first to be baptized members of the Church in the Southwest part of England and South Wales. The name Stevens is Welsh."

My Grandfather Bolander and his wife (my Mother's parents) also had to sacrifice to join the church. I would like to quote from his life history:

"We, my wife and myself, was baptized on the night of the 13th of August (1882). We had to take the night for it, if not we very likely would have been mobbed and so we went out of town along the ocean side (this is in Denmark) where there were no houses nor roads so we would not be molested and here we were baptized (in the ocean) and confirmed in a house in the north end of the city where a Mormon family lived and we came home about one in the morning glad and rejoicing over the great privilege we had in becoming a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints."

I, Barbara Grace Elswood Larsen, was born July 10, 1920, in my home in Shelley, Idaho, to Alfred Ernest Francis Elswood and Josephine Katherine Bolander Elswood. I don't know what I weighed, but I remember Mother saying I had such long

black hair that came clear down over my eyes and I had my first haircut soon after I was born.

I was the sixth of seven children--one child, Alex, died at the age of nine before I was born. The other children are: Alice, who became a registered nurse, working in Salt Lake and Los Angeles before she married Earl C. Hansen, (he passed away in 1961). They lived, and she still does, in California. They had two children, Earl, Jr. and Kay.

Ernie married Goldie Nielson and they live in Idaho Falls, (and Arizona in the Winter), where he has a Trailer Sales business. They have one daughter, Margaret. Dennis lives in Idaho Falls and has been married twice and divorced both times. He has two children, Jimmy and Sharon. Dennis has a great musical talent, I don't believe there's an instrument that he can't play. But he really fouled up his life by becoming an alcoholic. It is a tragic thing how that can ruin lives. The last few years he has helped at the nursing home in Idaho Falls--has entertained them with his musical ability and also been a big help in the crafts area. He has brought a lot of happiness into the lives of these older people and they have really loved him. However, he continues to drink, though not as much, but it is such a vicious habit and so hard to break.

Naomi (Nonie) married Frank Kalferd and their life together has really been a beautiful love story--if they only had the gospel to seal that love for eternity. They also live in Idaho Falls where Frank is employed by Ernie. They are the parents of two sons, Richard and David. David passed away in the summer of 1976 of a brain tumor. A little interesting sideline here: Frank was the only son in his father's family. Frank was the father of two sons, one of which passed away, and Richard, the remaining son is the father of two daughters and no possibility of any more children. So the Kalferd name will die out when Frank and Richard die. That's something we don't have to worry about. At the present time (1987) we have sixteen grandsons, thirteen bearing the Larsen name. We also have nineteen granddaughters, so we are truly blessed with a great posterity.

I come next in the family. I married Allan Franklin Larsen in the Salt Lake Temple on June 24, 1942, and we are the parents of seven children. (More about them later.) For our first fourteen years of married life, we lived on Allan's father's farm in Lower Presto, Idaho. Since 1956, we have lived in Moreland, Idaho, where Allan farms.

Next and last is Merrill Carlyle. He has been married three times, the first two times ending in divorce. He and his first wife, Rhea, had four children, Pam, Patty, Paul and Parry. He now lives at Anderson Ranch Dam, near the Mountain Home area in western Idaho, where he has a store and a snowmobile business.

My early home life wasn't exactly happy. There was quite a bit of conflict in our home. Mother was always active in the church and Dad never went and he resented Mother's activity. But he was a good man and he worked very hard to provide a living for us. He and Mother both worked very, very hard. Dad was a house painter--inside and outside, also would wallpaper and calcimine and stencil. He had a lot of skill in this area. Mother was a very accomplished seamstress and she was always sewing for someone. I now have her treadle sewing machine that she sewed on and I'll bet it has been treadled for thousands of miles. Mother didn't have to use a pattern in her sewing. The people would tell her what they wanted, she would take their measurements and go to work. After completing a dress or an alteration, she would wrap it in a newspaper and pin each end and I would deliver it for her (walking, of course, because I can only remember one time when we had a car and I couldn't drive it.) Mother also made a lot of burial clothes and she would help Lloyd Nalder, the local mortician, dress and prepare the bodies for viewing. Mr. Nalder has told me many times what a great help Mother was to him.

Mother and Dad both worked hard in our yard, too. We always had many beautiful flowers and people would often come to see them. Mother was always sending bouquets of flowers to people and in the fall of the year, I would often take flowers to

my school teachers.

We never had a lot of money, though we did have a nice house, which Dad built. During the depression years, it was especially hard and Dad would go to town to the grocery stores and would bring home the fresh produce that they would throw out because of some spoilage on them. We lived pretty meagerly those days. I remember if bananas were 7¢ a pound, we couldn't afford them--we'd just buy them when they were 5¢ a pound and that was not very often.

We had a player piano that brought much enjoyment into my life. I'd play it for hours and make believe I was playing in concerts. How I wish I had that piano now. Mother sold it for around \$25.00 when she moved to Idaho Falls.

We used to like popcorn (just like we do now). However, it wasn't such an easy task to pop it then as it is now. First of all, we'd have to shell the popcorn off the cob. We'd do this by taking a spoon and digging the kernels out--and that's a pretty tedious task. And then, of course, we'd have to pop it on the coal stove. We never had an electric stove, just a coal range with a hot water tank standing behind it. If there wasn't a fire in the stove, there wasn't any hot water. There was a small space between one side of the stove and the wall and that was one of my favorite reading spots--it was cozy and warm there during the winter. Another favorite reading spot was the bathroom and it always coincided with when there were dishes to do. Incidentally, this must be an inherited tendency because Karen and Jeanie have it, too.

House cleaning procedures have changed a great deal, too. In the spring, we'd take out the 9 x 12 rugs which were on the floors (no wall to wall carpet then). We'd drape the rugs over the clothes line and then take a big wire carpet beater and proceed to literally beat the dirt out of them. A good place to work out your frustrations. When they were beaten clean, we'd lay a fresh layer of straw on the floor to serve as a pad and lay the rug and tack it back down in place. Also every year or so, the walls would get a fresh coat of calcimine--a watery substance brushed on the walls --something like a

whitewash. However this calcimine was usually tinted a nice color, then Dad would stencil on a border for that extra touch. We had a furnace with a floor grate over it, between the dining room and living room and during the winter that's where we'd dry the clothes all draped over a clothes rack. For a long time, Mother scrubbed the clothes on a wash board and then I remember her getting a washer that was run by pumping a handle back and forth and then finally she got an electric washing machine. She would use a big round tub for one rinse water and a copper boiler (in which she'd put bluing for a whiter wash) for another rinsing. These would have to be carried outside and dumped and we'd unload the washer by draining the water into buckets and carrying them outside.

I had some funny misconceptions when I was a child. The siren would sound every day at noon and also at 9 p.m. Since I could never figure out where the sound came from, it seemed to be everywhere, and I thought it was Heavenly Father whistling. something else involving the same siren: it would also sound each Monday night at 7:00 p.m. indicating it was a fire practice when the firemen would all congregate. Only I thought it was "choir" practice.

Another amusing idea I had was regarding the water tower. It was located by the City Hall and one day I saw some men walking around the water tower (the container part located high in the air) and from that time on, I thought that they filled that tower by the bucketful. I don't know where I supposed they got the water. From a tap on the ground, I guess.

I only remember my Dad having one car and it was a Model T Ford. Someone would have to sit in the driver's seat and adjust the spark and gas while someone else would stand in front of it and crank it to start it. Sometimes that could take quite a while.

We never had a refrigerator until I was out of High School. We had a dirt basement that was cold and dark and damp and that is where we'd keep the things that needed to be kept cold. How I hated to go down there.

I mentioned previously how hard my folks worked in the yard. We had a large plot of ground to the east of our house and Dad would work it up with a shovel and plant potatoes in it. He'd dig up a shovelful of dirt, place the cut seed in the ground and let the dirt fall back in place and in the fall, he would harvest the potatoes the same way: a shovel full at a time. We had a big pit he had dug and he would store vegetables in it during the winter. We also had quite a large raspberry patch and what a chore it was to pick them. We'd fill a big dishpan heaping full and sell it for \$1.00.

We didn't have much worldly wealth--but we had more than a lot of others and I don't ever remember a time when we didn't have food to eat (though far from fancy) or clothes to wear. I hardly ever had a new dress. Mother made all of my clothes from clothes Alice sent home. First she'd make them over for Nonie and then for me. Nowadays they would be called re-cycled but then they were simply hand-me-downs. It was such an exciting occasion when we'd receive a package from Alice. Especially at Christmas time. How we looked forward to them. Alice had a good friend who made lingerie and other things for a lot of the movie stars and Alice would often send material home that Jewel, her friend, had given her and some of the gowns and slips and various things that she no longer wanted. Mother also liked to quilt, but I hated it when she had the quilting frames set up in the dining room. It would about fill the whole room.

I would tend our neighbor's two children for 10¢ a night. When Mrs. Foster would have a large dinner party, I would wash all of the dishes for 25¢. (No electric dishwashers then. But that seemed like big money to me and I was always glad for the opportunity to earn something. Jobs were pretty few and far between.

We didn't have TV, of course, in those days. In the summer, all the neighborhood kids would gather to play such games as "No bears are out tonight", "Pomp, pomp pull away" and my favorite was "Run, sheep run." It was played by choosing up two groups with a leader for each group. One group would hide and the leader would go back to the place designated as "home" where the other team waited.

Then they would go searching for the hidden team. The leader of the hidden team would call out words which had been agreed upon which meant "lie low", "silence", "go to the east," etc. and finally when the search team was far enough away from home, the leader of the hidden team would call, "Run, sheep, Run!" And they would all run for "home" as fast as they could, trying to get there before being caught by the other team. It was lots of fun. We also spent a lot of time in the swimming pool--it being the canal that ran nearby our home. Young and old alike would go up the canal and swim down, or those that couldn't swim would walk along the side, then at a given spot where it was easy to get out, we would climb out, run up the bank and come down the canal again. I did more walking than swimming because I was afraid of the water, having been thrown into a big ditch by some older kids.

I was baptized in this canal just below a big drop about two or three blocks south of where we lived. I still remember how cold it was the day I was baptized, even though it was August, and how frightened I was.

Another thing I liked to do was walk. There was a place up the canal called the divide and often I would walk up there. Even then I loved the beauties of nature and I would love to walk by myself, enjoying nature and thinking profound (of course) thoughts.

My recollections of school are rather few. I remember when I was in the first grade, I had measles and a week after I recovered from them, I got scarlet fever, so I missed a lot of school that year, but I was very happy when I "passed" to the second grade. (In those days, when a person had a communicable disease, we would have a sign on our house saying we were in quarantine, meaning other people should stay away. When we recovered, the sign would be removed--I don't remember by whom unless it was the doctor.)

I had my tonsils removed when I was quite young. The operation was performed in the doctor's home on his kitchen table. How I fought the anesthetic! I was a little

devil--but they got the job done.

Another thing I remember about school is how we'd have to form a line outside the doors and someone would play a march on the piano and we'd march into the school building and to our classroom. Certainly a contrast to what it's like today. And we held our teachers in such awe! I always loved and respected my teachers. I particularly loved my first grade teacher, Jane Lufkin. She later married George Risenmay from Woodville. During my married life I would see her at the Temple where she was an officiator. We always had a special feeling for each other.

Another teacher who helped me tremendously was J. D. Christensen. He was my music teacher until I was a Senior in High School. When I was in Junior High, I took piano lessons for two summers from Nellie Gutke. Since we didn't have any money to spare, Mother did sewing for my piano lessons. We lived on the east side of Shelley and Nellie lived on the west side and I walked to and from my lessons, around four or five miles round trip. Anyway those brief lessons started me on the path of something that has brought me more joy and satisfaction than I can ever express.

Back to Mr. Christensen. He was badly in need of an accompanist for choir so he asked me to do this for him. Also, somewhere along the line, I started playing the violin and played in the school orchestra and when it no longer existed, I started playing the French Horn.

One summer, I must have been going into my junior year in high school, Mr. Christensen started a summer music program. Then he had to leave to attend summer school in Moscow and guess who he turned the music school over to? Me!!! So I had the opportunity to help beginner students on the violin and also about every brass instrument--no woodwinds, though. I never did learn anything about them. It was quite an enjoyable and challenging experience.

When I was a junior, a group of us girls sluffed school on the day the seniors had their senior sneak. We got a 10% grade cut for it and my English teacher, Miss

McCarthy, a fine teacher and a typical old maid, wrote in my yearbook, "A naughty Junior but the makings of a good Senior." She must have been somewhat correct because during my Senior year, I served as Vice-president of the student body, was chosen by the school as the most representative and popular student for the year and was selected as Valedictorian of our graduating class. I'll never forget the proud and happy look on my Mother's face when I told her about being valedictorian. For a graduation present, she gave me a watch which she worked so hard to pay for. With it was a note which read: "Now you'll know when it's time to come home."

In my senior year, we had a new music teacher, K. C. Hawkes and I accompanied about everything that went on that year. I also played a French Horn solo in the music festival. Mr. Hawkes had a very fine voice. And I was able to accompany him a lot also, which gave me some invaluable experience in accompanying.

During my senior year in high school, an older woman, a widow, came back to school to finish her high school education. When we passed around our year books for signing, I was greatly surprised and humbled by what she wrote in my book, "You were my measuring stick until I acquired one of my own." Little did I know that I was under such scrutiny. And so it is throughout our lives -- we never know who might be watching and following our actions.

Also during my senior year, I played the piano in our school dance orchestra. Then off and on, for a number of years, I played with different orchestras, but not on a regular basis. After we moved to Moreland, I was asked to play in an orchestra which played for the stake dances which were held each week in to the skating rink. We would also play occasionally for dances held in the Elks Club. When I would come home from these dances, I would smell so strong of smoke that Allan would hardly let me in the house. I can't say I really enjoyed playing for dances. It was very tiring to play for three hours, sometimes longer. But the money came in handy.

I should mention something about my church service during this time. I was

Primary pianist for my first church position. That was when I was a freshman. A little later, I became Ward organist, where I played a reed organ. During those days, we would play music during the passing of the sacrament. It seemed so strange when we were asked to discontinue the music--it seemed so empty, but now it would be strange to go back to the music. I guess it's all in what we get used to. Also, speaking of the sacrament, they didn't have enough trays with the individual cups--which were glass and had to be washed every week, so they would use a pitcher and a glass and pass it along a row and you were to take a swallow from the glass. How I hated it when I got the glass. I was also assistant Stake organist which was a great opportunity for a high school student.

I don't remember how I was so fortunate as to get to go to college, it must have been through my parents' sacrificing 'cause there were no scholarships given at that time. The only award I received for being Valedictorian was a little medal and a year's subscription to the Readers Digest (which started me off to reading the Readers Digest, because I've been a subscriber and reader ever since.) But I was able to attend BYU for one year. I lived off campus in a basement apartment with three other girls. My roommate was Francis Davis who married Claude Burtenshaw, who became Dean of Students at U.S.U. at Logan, Utah. A number of years ago, she was named the National Mother of the Year! She was and still is a very dear friend.

When I first went down to school, I auditioned on the French Horn for band and symphony orchestra and made it into both of them. I had some choice experiences in both organizations and my musical knowledge increased tremendously. My band director was Robert Sauer, a little round German who composed the song "When It's Springtime in the Rockies." When the band would go on tour or give concerts, at the conclusion of the concert, Prof. Sauer would always say in his quaint German accent, "By special request, we will play the song you all know so well, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies." Of course, he always made the special request himself and it was quite a

joke among us band members, but he was a dear, old man and I enjoyed him.

Professor LeRoy Robertson, a tremendous musician and also a famous Mormon composer, directed the Symphony and my love for good music grew even more through my participation in the orchestra. I also sang in the choir and in the concert choir which was another great experience. I gained my first knowledge of Handel's "Messiah" at this time and it was love at first sound and it has continued down to the present time. One outstanding experience I had with the band, was going to Salt Lake to play for President Heber J. Grant on his birthday. We went to the church office building and President Grant stood in our midst as we played some church hymns and he sang along with us, and what a powerful voice he had!

Since I was only able to attend college for one year, I have always been so thankful that I filled that year with music. My academic classes have long been forgotten, but my memories of my music classes will always be with me.

In the spring of my freshman year, I ran for Secretary of the Sophomore class, and lost by six votes. I often wonder how my life would have been changed if I had won that election and had returned back to school. However, at the end of that school year, it became evident that I would have to get a job and earn some money since the folks could not afford to send me to school anymore.

I applied at the County Courthouse in Blackfoot for a job with the County Superintendent of Schools and the Probate Judge. Much to my delight, I was accepted for the job. When I went in to apply, Mr. Cory, the Probate Judge, gave me some dictation to see how well I could do with it. He read a legal description which went something like: "Commencing at the SW corner of Section 23, thence North 1465 feet, thence East 2964 feet, thence South 39 feet, etc." There were numerous "thences" in the description but I misunderstood him and thought he said "fence," so I had the place all "fenced" in. We all got a good laugh over that. I enjoyed my work there very much and made many friends.

After I had worked a year, I decided I had to have my own car. I had been riding back and forth from Shelley to Blackfoot with Walter Johnson, and I even lived in an apartment in Blackfoot with Gladys Quinn for a few months, but finally, as a typical youth, I had to have my own "wheels." My brother Ernie was a car dealer and he was kind enough to sell me a new car at his cost and with no down payment. I guess he really trusted me. It was a Hudson, a beautiful blue sport coupe and was I ever proud of it. I named it "Shasta," because Shasta have gas, Shasta have oil, Shasta to be paid for, etc. etc. I washed it so much to keep it shining clean, that I about washed the paint right off it. I guess that's where I got the car-washing habit, because I've been washing our cars ever since, even now at age 67, but I take great pride in a clean car. I had it half paid for when Allan and I got married and he took over the payments after that, so it was really joint property. Incidentally, my salary when I started working was \$75.00 per month. I was getting around \$95.00 per month when I quit working.

Time goes on and in January, 1942, a fine young missionary returned from the New England mission to his home in Firth. His name--Allan Franklin Larsen. We had dated a few times before he left on his mission and had written a few letters to each other, but we were nothing more than good friends. That winter, the Shelley Stake M.I.A. put on the play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street". Allan was Robert Browning and I was Elizabeth Barrett. Consequently with all the rehearsals we saw each other pretty often and soon found ourselves in love. Incidentally, the play was a big success. There must have been something special about it because two other stakes in the area put it on and their leading characters ended up getting married, also. My former roommate, Francis Davis and Claude Burtenshaw had the leading roles in their stake and as I mentioned before, they were married after being in the play.

Allan and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 24, 1942. I worked at the courthouse right up to the day before our wedding and then Allan's father and mother and my mother and Allan and I drove to Salt Lake. We arrived there quite late at night

and got two rooms in a motel. Allan and his dad slept in one room and since there was only one bed in the other room, Mother, Mrs. Larsen and I shared it--at least I tried to. I was in the middle and it wasn't long before Mother and Mrs. Larsen were asleep and snoring and I lay there wide awake and wondering "Do I have to spend my last single night between two snoring women?" Finally I gave up and lay down on the floor and got a little sleep.

The next day, we had to get our license at the courthouse and then went in the late afternoon to the Temple. I don't recall much about it except a blur of white clothing and Allan's mother saying, as we waited for a sealing room for the wedding ceremony, "This is your last chance to change your mind." I wish I could remember something about the ceremony itself, but I can't. I certainly wasn't prepared for the temple. The young people today are so much better prepared, I think. There is much more information available that is proper to be discussed before attending the Temple. Anyway, I have never regretted going. I always felt like it was the only way to get married and to stay married.

When I was working at the courthouse, the Probate Judge would often perform marriages for people who would drop in for such a purpose. I would often serve as a witness for these marriages. (Incidentally, Mr. Cory, the Judge, hated to perform these marriages. He said they belonged in the church to which people belonged.) Anyway, one day, I witnessed a marriage and as Mr. Cory said, "You may now kiss the bride." The bride looked at her newly acquired groom and said, "Wipe the egg off your face." Wouldn't that be a tender (???) moment to remember about your wedding day?

We spent our honeymoon in Utah--a night at Uncle Frank Barnes' cabin in Brighton; a day on the Saltair beach (we took my friend Florence Hacking, with us out there.) We visited in Mt. Pleasant with Allan's relatives and spent a night in Provo with my friend, Juna Christiansen. When we took in our luggage, one of Juna's little sisters asked in a shocked voice, "Do they have their clothes in the same suitcase?" We went

back to a motel in Salt Lake where one morning we were sleeping in late when there was a loud knock at the door. Allan stumbled to the door and opened it, and a young boy asked, "Paper, Mister?" Allan exclaimed, "Hell, no!" and slammed the door. Poor scared paper boy--he didn't know we were honeymooners.

We returned back home and had a wedding reception and dance in the Shelley Tabernacle (it burned to the ground a few years ago and I felt so badly). I remember being afraid no one would come, but we had a good crowd and received many lovely gifts and I felt like it was a very nice reception.

At this time, Allan was working on the farm for his dad and they were fixing up a little labor house for us to live in. Since it wasn't ready, we had no place to go but to live with his folks. That was one of the biggest mistakes we ever made. It was not a pleasant situation and quite a few hard feelings were created that took years to overcome. Finally, however, after about six months, our little house was ready and we moved into it. It was so heavenly to be by ourselves! We had a living room, bedroom and bathroom, and a tiny, tiny kitchen about four feet square. We only had an electric oven and an electric hot plate to cook on and they occupied one wall, the cupboard and sink was on another wall, and our folding table and two chairs took up the other wall. We didn't have a refrigerator, but Allan's mother let us use a shelf in their refrigerator. It wasn't the most convenient arrangement, but it was better than nothing. We also did our washing in his parent's basement, using their washer and tubs. And since there was no basement drain, all of the water had to be carried out.

We moved in just before Christmas and our first little Christmas tree was so special and beautiful. I was still working at the courthouse and when I came home from work the day before Christmas, a most thrilling sight awaited me: a new spinet Kimball piano! Allan, knowing how I longed for a piano, had gone against his parents' advice and had bought this beautiful piano for me. How thrilled and happy I was! If we'd waited until we could afford it, we would probably have never gotten one until years

later. I gave Allan a movie camera and that made it possible for us to make many memorable home movies.

That winter was quite an experience for me as I drove back and forth to work. The road from Larsens to the highway was just a gravel road at that time and being an east-west road, the snow drifted badly on it. And we got lots of snow that year. The lane to the house was always the first road to drift in and we would have to maneuver our way through the fields to get in and out.

All of these months of marriage, I was longing to get pregnant but hadn't been able to. Each month would bring great disappointment. However, I finally did become pregnant and I was so thrilled. When I bought my first maternity dress, I couldn't wait to see what I would look like, so I stuffed a pillow in front to get the desired effect. As I remember it now, it was a perfectly ugly dress--nothing like the becoming styles they have now, but at that time, I thought it just beautiful. I started having some trouble about my third or fourth month of pregnancy, and finally the Doctor discovered I had appendicitis and he recommended that I have my appendix removed. He said if I should have an attack of appendicitis during labor It could be fatal. So when I was about four and one half months pregnant, I had my appendix removed. I got along just fine with no problems of any kind.

I had to quit my job at the courthouse when I had my appendix removed and I didn't ever go back. I was glad to be able to be a full time wife and mother, but I have always been so thankful that I had the opportunity of working there. I met so many good people and it was really enjoyable and interesting work. I kept books for the school districts in the county superintendent's office and I typed legal documents of all kinds for the Probate Court. I even took hearings in shorthand and transcribed them, something I could never do now.

We didn't expect our baby until January, but on the 7th of December, I started having pains and went to the doctor. My regular doctor was out of town so the nurse

sent me to a doctor in Idaho Falls and he had me go to the hospital. I was put in ice packs to see if that would stop the labor pains, but it didn't and on December 8th about 4:30 in the afternoon, our first son was born. He was a long thin baby weighing 6 lb. 4 oz. and to me he was beautiful.

In those days, maternity patients were kept right down in bed for nine days when we could then sit up and put our feet over the side of the bed. On the tenth day, we were allowed to get up and go home, but by then we were so weak, we could hardly get up. Times have certainly changed the post natal treatment. Nowadays, many women get up the day their baby is born and go home the next day. When I left the hospital, I went home to Mother's. No one could have been greener than I. I had never been around babies and didn't know anything about caring for them. At that time, babies were kept on a strict schedule. How I worried if I got off my schedule! I was sure something terrible would happen to my baby. Also we were told that babies have to "burp" after they've eaten. So I would sit there and pat Stephen on the back for up to 45 minutes trying to get him to burp. It was certainly a blessing for the baby and the mother when we went more for demand feeding--feed the baby when he was hungry, not wait for the clock to tell you when it was time to feed him.

We named our first baby, Stephen Allan. When he was about three months old, I became pregnant again. After an uneventful pregnancy, our second son, Gary Elswood Larsen, was born on November 19th, 1944. An embarrassing thing happened before he was born. When I started having labor pains (incidentally this was three weeks early), I went to the doctor and he said I'd better stay around close and not go clear back home. Since we hadn't eaten, we went to a Drive-in in Shelley. It was a cold day, so we went inside to eat. As we were sitting there, all of a sudden water started gushing from me and I had no control over it. It took me a few minutes to realize what had happened. The water that surrounds the baby had broken the sac which contains it. And there I was, with people all around and every time I'd raise up and try to leave, more water would

come. I was so embarrassed--but finally we were able to leave with Allan walking closely behind me. I'll bet people wondered where all that water came from. After that, we went to Idaho Falls and stayed at Ernie and Goldie's and in the middle of the night, the pains started and I knew it was time to go to the hospital. When he was born, the cord was wrapped around his neck four times and it was a dry birth (because of my water breaking earlier), and the doctor had to use forceps to deliver the baby, this resulted in a large dark bruised area on his little head which looked like he was wearing a little tam (hat). In spite of these complications, he was a healthy baby and I got along fine. He was another happy, beautiful and lovable baby. How we enjoyed those two baby boys--it was about like having twins to care for.

Since we were so crowded in our tiny little house, Allan's folks decided to build on to the house. By this time, we were renting half of the farm and they owned the house, too. But anyway, that summer was spent in complete chaos as the carpenter added on two more rooms and a basement. What a blessing and a joy to have more room!

During these early years of our marriage, I was active in our ward and stake. Allan was busy, too. First as a counselor in the bishopric and then as a high counselor in the Shelley Stake. In January 1954, Allan's father was released as president of the Shelley Stake after serving for 30 years, lacking one month, in that capacity. George Grover was sustained as president of the Shelley Stake and Allan was selected as his first counselor and Earl Tew his second counselor.

I was stake organist, and had been for a number of years, so I had the privilege of playing for the conference sessions. We always had two sessions on Sunday, one at 10 A. M. to 12. And one from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. I was a counselor in our ward M.I.A. and later a teacher in M.I.A. I served as a teacher of the young girls' classes at various times and for different classes. That was another rewarding experience. I still meet girls who recall that I taught them in Mutual. Thank goodness, they remember it as a good

experience. I was also Sunday School chorister and ward organist. I sang in a sextet and what enjoyable times we had. We sang for a lot of different functions and had a regular rehearsal time, where we'd usually do more talking than singing, I believe. I also had the opportunity to sing with a large group of Singing Mothers (as we were called then). It was made up with singers from Blackfoot, Shelley and Idaho Falls stakes, and we were preparing to sing at general conference in Salt Lake. I was privileged to be the rehearsal accompanist as we practiced in Idaho Falls. What a wonderful experience that was! Florence Jepperson Madsen, who directed the chorus when I attended B.Y.U., directed this chorus. She was truly a great musician and conductor--we all loved her so much.

I also had another tremendous opportunity--that of accompanying a group of singers to perform at the dedication of the Idaho Falls Temple. During the time of the dedication, Joseph Fielding Smith and his wife, Jessie Evans Smith; Nicholas G. Smith and his wife stayed at the home of Allan's parents. One evening Sister Jessie Evans Smith agreed to sing for us and she asked me to accompany her. What a thrill that was to play for that great lady. Then she and her husband sang some duets and I played for them, too! She said she wished I could go with them up into the Northwest and serve as her accompanist. Only one husband and two little boys kept me from doing that.

A humorous thing happened while they were there. Allan happened to be very sick so both Elders Smith offered to administer to him. We were just finishing up with our remodeling at this time and I was in the midst of painting. I had recently bought some paint thinner and the clerk had put it in a big liquor bottle. It wasn't until after they had administered to Allan and gone back to Larsens, that I noticed that big liquor bottle sitting on the cupboard in plain sight. I often wondered if they noticed it and if so what kind of people they thought we were, because there was no writing on it to indicate that it was paint thinner. I can just hope that they had faith in us.

Another experience I had with a liquor bottle occurred when Dad Larsen had a

sick calf and the veterinarian prescribed some brandy for it. Everyone was too busy to go after it--so they sent me. I was so embarrassed to go into a liquor store--it being the first and last time I ever did, and it was even worse to come out of it carrying a bottle of brandy. I looked both directions very cautiously before I made a hasty run for the car.

When Allan was on his mission to New England, he met J. B. Dixon who was in the textile business. They talked then of going into business together. During the winter of 1945, we decided for Allan to spend a couple of months in Atlanta, Georgia with J. B. and Myrtle Dixon, who had moved there and had a business going. Mother and Dad had converted three rooms in their home into an apartment for Nonie and Frank when they were first married. So Allan and I moved some of our belongings up there for me to live while he was in Atlanta. This worked out very well and was much more enjoyable than being out on the farm during those winter months. I often took my two little boys sleigh riding that winter and they really enjoyed it.

I was expecting our third baby and Allan got home just in time for the birth of our third son on March 2nd, 1947, at the Eaton Maternity Home in Shelley. The other two boys had been born at the L. D. S. Hospital in Idaho Falls, but I really enjoyed the homey atmosphere of the maternity home and Mrs. Eaton took such good care of me. James Stafford was another beautiful, healthy baby and we were so happy to have him. He had beautiful red hair and lots of it.

I don't remember any specific events during the next few months. But I was expecting another baby in the fall of 1948, a rather common occurrence it seems. We were right in the middle of the potato harvest, when I started getting some unmistakable signs, and like the words of a well-known hymn, I knew "that deliverance was nigh!" So ready or not, we found ourselves making a hasty trip up to Eaton's Maternity Home in Shelley where our fourth child was born 10 minutes after midnight on the 16th of October, 1948.

Six years later, that time and date became very important to us, as the deadline for

starting school was midnight the 15th of October. Dr. Smith said if we had thought of it at the time, he could have changed the time, but I was always glad that Jeanie had to wait another year before starting school. I always felt like I had her for a year longer at the beginning of school as well as at the end of her high school years.

Dr. David Smith, who delivered our baby, shouted to Allan from the delivery room, "Allan, it's a girl! You've got a girl!" I don't remember him saying that—I must have been too far out, I guess. Allan said I told them, "I don't believe it. I just have boys." But how thrilled we were to get our little girl and what a joy she was, and is, to us. We named her Barbara Jean, but always called her Jeanie. I enjoyed sewing dresses for her — a welcome relief from making shirts.

She was a very feminine little person right from the start and as she grew older, of course we had to give our daughter every opportunity, so when she was around four, I started taking her to Betty Anderson in Idaho Falls for dancing lessons. She did very well, and so did I, because I had to learn the steps so we could practice them at home. However, she soon passed my ability and was on her own. She appeared in many dance recitals and even did some solo dances, so I got to sew many dance costumes.

People still talk about the winter of '48 (the year Jeanie was born). I have never seen so much snow as we got that winter. We were snowed in for weeks. I remember having Sunday School for our little family on Sunday mornings in our living room. Grant Hanny, who also lived on the farm, would occasionally ride a horse into Firth and he would get us some of the things we would need. My biggest concern during this time was having sickness or an accident and not being able to get out to the Doctor. When we were finally able to get out, we would drive on top of two or three feet of snow and through a canyon of snow piled on each side of the road. I wonder why we don't get any more heavy snowfalls like that anymore.

We had a really tragic experience which occurred October 23, 1951. It had been our practice to get sheep to pasture the fields in the fall. On this occasion, we had gone

to town, leaving the sheep in the care of a hired man. On our return home, we were shocked and sickened to see dead sheep all over the field. There had been a light snowfall and that coupled with new alfalfa, had caused the sheep to bloat. What a traumatic experience that was--to drive behind the truck as the men loaded all those dead carcasses into it. There were 65 sheep that died in just that short time. Needless to say, we didn't make any profit on sheep that year.

During this time, Allan was serving on the Soil Conservation Committee for Bingham County and there was to be a convention in New Orleans, Louisiana, and he was selected to go. We decided to make it a family trip and take the three boys with us and left Jeanie with my Mother. We even bought a new car for the occasion. We had an uneventful trip until just a few miles out of New Orleans when we developed car trouble of a very serious nature. We threw a rod in the motor and had to be towed into a garage. It was quite an unusual thing to happen in a new car, but fortunately it was under warranty. After the necessary repairs were made, Allan attended his convention and we were able to do some sightseeing. This happened to be the Mardi Gras time so it was very interesting to see the parades, the costumes, hear the music and all the excitement connected with the Mardi Gras. On our way to New Orleans, we traveled many miles each day. At nighttime, when the little boys would get tired, we had three-tiered beds for them. One on the floor, one on the seat and one in the back window. They were surely good little travelers.

Another event I wanted to mention, happened to me. It happened on a wintery day, and I had to drive up to Goshen for a practice. When I left it was in the afternoon and as I came home it was getting dusk and I came home the same way I went up. But, unknown to me, in the meantime, some water had been turned down the canal and it was flooding into the fields and over the road. I started driving through it, thinking it was just a puddle of water that would soon run out, but much to my dismay, the water got deeper and deeper and there was nothing I could do but keep on driving until the car

stopped. There I was in the middle of this body of water. It was dark enough that no one would notice a car out there, so I decided there was only one alternative--get out and walk for help. As I opened the door, the water came rushing in. I took a deep breath and stepped out in it and it came up to my knees and was incredibly cold. After just a few steps it felt as if I was walking on stumps because of the icy, cold water. I had to walk nearly half a mile to get to the nearest house where I called Allan and told him of my predicament. He came down with a tractor to pull the car out and luckily, I survived my adventure (?) without even catching a cold. It turned out to be quite a humorous experience, because as word of it got around, each time it was told the water became a little deeper (not from my telling it, but others who had heard of it). The last time I heard anything about it, the water was up to my shoulders. Thank goodness, that was fiction and not fact.

When Jeanie was about four and-a-half years old, I began having those familiar symptoms again and sure enough--I was pregnant. On the 25th of May (1953), I awoke having pains but I thought, "I'll get my work done before I go to the hospital." So I cleaned the house--did the washing and ironing, and even some mending, baked bread, and all the time my pains were getting closer. I finally decided we'd better leave for the hospital and we got there about 5:30 P.M. The nurse checked me and called the doctor who was home eating supper. He came right over and within a short time we had our fourth son, whom we named Mark Ernest. The doctor gave me very little anaesthetic and I came to as he was holding our baby upside down by his little feet. I'll never forget the great feeling of love that rushed over me--it was love at first sight. Of course, it's been that way with each of our children, but Mark is the only one I saw that soon after his birth. He was a beautiful baby weighing over eight lbs. I thought it was so sweet what Jeanie said when we brought Mark home from the hospital. She said, "I wanted a girl until I saw him, and then I wanted him."

The day after I got home from the hospital, I had to take Mark back to see the

doctor and found out he had tonsillitis. This illness plagued him every two or three weeks until he was 18 months old, when he had his tonsils removed. Dr. Dale Smith, who was our family doctor at that time, said once that he saw Mark more than he saw his own baby who was born at the same time. When Mark was a few months old, he developed another problem. It almost scared me to death when I was changing his diaper one day and noticed a big bulge in his groin. Rushing him to the doctor, I found out that Mark had a hernia. Every time that bulge would appear and Mark would cry from the pain, I would take him to the doctor and he would manipulate it back into place. Finally he said let's put an end to this problem. So on Mark's first birthday, he had a hernia repair done on him. I couldn't get over how quickly he recovered from the operation.

As I mentioned earlier, Mark had his tonsils removed when he was 18 months old, and what a relief it was to have that taken care of. Shortly before his operation, I again took him to the doctor. He had another attack of tonsillitis and was running a high fever. The doctor gave him his customary shot of penicillin and we returned home. I was doing our washing in the basement and took Mark down there and laid him on the bed so I could watch him. I looked over at him once and he looked so strange and all of a sudden I realized he was having a convulsion. I had never had any experience with such a thing before, so I rushed him down to Larsens. Mom Larsen put him in some warm water and held him while I called the doctor--he told us to keep on doing that and to hold his tongue down so he wouldn't bite it, or swallow it. We did this but he still didn't come out of the convulsion. After another quick call to the doctor, he told us to take Mark to the hospital and he would meet us there. Allan drove about 90 m.p.h. and I held Mark and put my finger on his tongue to help hold it down. The doctor was certainly surprised to see us arrive at the hospital so soon. They started Mark on medication and more warm baths and he came out of the convulsion. As I remember it, his fever was over 104 at that time. We spent five days in isolation (they brought in another bed so I could stay there with him) and he continued to get better and not develop

any other signs of illness--the doctor had been afraid it was spinal meningitis. He finally decided Mark had a severe case of strep tonsillitis, so it was decided to remove his tonsils as soon as he was well enough. After that he got along beautifully.

I should tell something about some of the injuries received by different members of the family. One summer, Allan was irrigating and decided to ride the horse out to tend the water. As he went to get back on the horse it turned quickly and threw Allan off balance and to the ground. He knew he had hurt his back badly but no one knew he was out there and he had to get to the house for help, so he walked and crawled from the northwest corner of the farm (this is when we were still at his father's farm). I was not home at the time, so he waited until I arrived to tell me what happened and we promptly went to the hospital where, upon examination, it was found that he had a fractured vertebra. He had to be hospitalized for some time and during this time we had another event take place.

Jeanie, (about five at the time) was riding the same horse with one of the older boys, when she fell off. She came into the house crying and complaining of her arms hurting. I had her take a nap to see if she would feel better when she woke up. She didn't. They still hurt, so it was off to the doctor with her and he sent us up to the hospital for X-rays and they discovered one of her arms was broken, so they put a cast on it. They wanted to keep her overnight for observation, so that is what I did. There I was, with my husband on one floor in the hospital with a broken back, and my daughter in the pediatrics ward on a different floor. I spent quite a bit of time going back and forth between the two floors and finally went home. The next morning when I came up to get Jeanie, her other arm was in a cast also. There had been a hairline fracture which didn't show up on the wet X-ray, but when it dried the doctor was able to see it. What a pathetic little girl she was, with casts up to the elbows on both arms. When I got her home and tried to make her comfortable, she said pitifully, "Mommy, scratch my nose." With the resilience of a child, she soon adjusted to her plight. It took longer for Allan

and he had to wear a brace for a long time. That was the same year that Mark had one of his surgeries and when we took him into the hospital, the nurses groaned, and said, "Oh no. Not again!" Allan says that troubles come in clusters, like grapes, and that is what it seems like.

About this time, we bought a farm just a short distance west of Grandpa Larsen's farm. It was a very sandy farm and not very productive but it did give us a little independence. And then came the opportunity to buy a farm about 10 miles west of Moreland. It was referred to as the desert because that's what it used to be and any farming that was done out there was dry-farming. But with the coming of sprinkler irrigation, it changed the whole picture and now quite a few families were moving out there to farm. The first time Allan took me out there, I asked him where the road was. He said, "You're on it." It was pretty rugged territory. We sold our sand hill farm and used that equity as a down payment on the desert farm and we made the big change from sand to rocks, from surface irrigation to sprinkler irrigation and eventually from Lower Presto to Moreland. This area out on the desert had been named "Miracle Acres." The first year, we rented some of the ground to my cousins, the Bolanders, from Firth. One day, Lloyd said, "They should have named it "Back Achers." Which was true enough. Another time, he knocked two lava rocks together and said, "Just listen to the humus!"

Allan drove back and forth to this desert farm for three years before we decided to make the break and move out there. It was hard to uproot our family and sever our church ties as Allan was First Counselor in the Shelley Stake Presidency at the time. An interesting sidelight regarding this: when Allan was called to the position as counselor, Harold B. Lee was the apostle (later becoming the President of the Church) who presided at the conference. When Allan was released from the stake presidency, Spencer W. Kimball (who later became the President of the Church) presided at that conference. We were especially close to President Lee. I have some letters that he wrote to me and whenever Allan would see him, even after he became President of the Church, he would

always call Allan by name and ask him about his sweetheart, Barbara. That was always a thrill for us.

When we left the Shelley Stake, they had a farewell party for us at the Shelley Stake Tabernacle. A large crowd attended and they gave us a lovely set of China dishes and some Samsonite luggage.

We moved in March of 1956 and since we had no other place to go, we moved into the little labor house that we had moved on to the farm. It was anything but attractive--especially from the outside, but before we moved in, I wallpapered and painted inside and when we got our furniture in and added the homey touches, we were very comfortable in our temporary home. We had two small bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and a lean-to. Allan put in a toilet in the little lean-to part, so at least we didn't have to resort to an outdoor toilet. We didn't have a bathtub though, so for the next eight months we bathed in a round tin tub in the kitchen and had to heat our bath water on the stove. Since we didn't have a culinary well, Allan fixed up a water system using a large buoy as a storage tank so we also had water in the house. The water came out by means of gravity rather than pressure as we are accustomed to. We didn't have a washing machine, so I would have to do all my washing in town in a public "wash house." That was before the days of the automatic washer so it was just a conventional type washer that I'd use. That was quite a hassle to gather all the dirty clothes, load them in the car, drive 18 miles to town, unload the clothes and take them into the laundry, wash the clothes, load them back into the car, drive home, and unload the clothes again. Somewhere in this process, I had to get them dried and I don't remember if they had an electric dryer at the laundromat or if I hung them on a clothesline at home. At any rate, they got dried. I would put them away and then go through the same procedure again the next week.

I really enjoyed living out on the farm--it was so peaceful and serene, particularly in the early morning. I loved to go out and see the sprinklers running in the early

morning and feel the freshness of the day as it began and as the song goes "On a clear day, you can see forever." We could even see the Teton Peaks from out there. The afternoons weren't usually quite so pleasant because the wind would invariably blow (as it still does) and it would get pretty hot and we had no shade whatsoever. But all in all, it was enjoyable being out there. It was good for the boys, too, because they were old enough (all but Mark) to move sprinkler lines. They would move a line together and they would do very well until they got to the field with the peas in and then it would take considerably longer to get that line moved.

When we decided to move out to the farm, we couldn't get a loan to build on our farm. The loan company said they'd only go out of Moreland one mile. So we drove out on the old Arco Highway for I mile and found out who owned the land. It belonged to Gerald Christiansen who didn't want to sell. I was heartbroken because I really wanted that piece of land, but Allan said he thought the land just to the east was better anyway. So we found out that it belonged to Lawrence Belnap and when Allan approached him about selling, he asked, "How soon do you have to know? Can I talk to my wife about it tonight?" Well, he agreed to sell us three acres for \$1,000.00. Now that we had our land, we had to arrange for financing and building a house. We were able to borrow to build a house which would measure 26 feet x 40 feet with an attached garage. I drew the plans for it and Theron Brown was the carpenter who built it. We were so thrilled to be building our own home and we watched all summer and fall with great interest and anticipation as it was being built. Sometimes, after the inside work had begun, we would go in in the evening and have a picnic amidst all the mess and confusion, but we enjoyed it anyway and the kids would run round and round, upstairs and down. When they were drilling our well, we didn't think they'd ever hit water. Lawrence Belnap had told us his well was only 30 feet to water so we expected about the same thing. But no such luck. Every time we'd go past the house, the well-drilling rig would be there steadily plodding along--we thought they'd end up in China. Finally they

reached water at 140 feet and had to case almost all of it. We have had good water all of these years now for which we are thankful.

The fall of 1956 was a disaster for us and many others. Because of an early, severe frost, many of our crops were frozen in the ground and we were unable to harvest 45 acres of beets and 20 acres of potatoes. We kept praying that the weather would moderate and the ground would thaw out so we would be able to dig the remainder of our crops, but finally after many weeks of hoping, we had to face the fact that we wouldn't be able to harvest them at all. That was such a bitter blow for us but somehow we were able to survive. There wasn't any money for new furniture or carpeting or drapes for our new home, but what a joy it was to be in a home again! We moved in just before Thanksgiving and it seemed like a mansion, it was so big compared to the little house we had been living in. It wasn't only the niceties in our home that we couldn't buy, but we had debts we were unable to pay. Allan went to each person that we owed money to and explained our situation and promised to pay as soon as we were able to and they were all very patient and understanding in extending credit to us. It is so important to be honest with the people you do business with. We had some heart-warming experiences too, as two good men in our community approached us at different times and asked if we had enough money to eat on that winter since we'd lost so much of our crop. We were able to assure them we could take care of ourselves but we certainly appreciated their love and concern.

A short time after we moved in, a bunch of our friends surprised us one evening with a housewarming party. They gave us a nice knick-knack shelf and some little ceramic flamingoes to go on it.

The next spring on March 19, 1957 our fifth son, Richard Lynn was born in the Bingham Memorial Hospital in Blackfoot. Another beautiful baby came to bless our home. He was so cute, and as he grew older he would say such funny things. He said "ola" for "over" and one day he fell down the basement stairs and when Allan came

home, Ricky (as we called him then) tearfully said, "Tip ola, tip ola, tip ola". And that was just how many times he rolled as he went down the stairs.

Ricky had quite a unique language and luckily, I wrote down some of his words as they sounded. Za-pu stood for grandma and grandpa; Ya-Ya--Gary; Tease-Steve; Taff-Staff; Ma-Mark; Ne-Ne--Jeanie; moko ya-ku-motorcycle; Tiko-tixs - fiddlesticks; Cheese-Chief (our dog); Ya-yo ma-ma-Watermelon; Damo Cookies-Animal cookies; Camo-a-yope-cantalope; I-num-ice cream; Ya-yo-water; Va-ay-Chevrolet; Me brrrr uh-uh-"I'm not cold." When he was 2, Santa Claus was "Oh Ho Ho"; When he was 3, he was Cannon Caus.

One morning he was awake about six, it was still dark and as he lay in bed, I heard him saying, "Be mohning time--be mohning time." Another time, I was trying to call Allan's mother. After several tries when the line was busy, Ricky said, "Why don't you pretend you've already talked to her?" That was when he was a little older and more understandable. When he was 3, he got quite disgusted with me one day and said, "Okay, you my sriend, uh huh, no mo, Mommy." We told him not to get on the highway or the cars would run over him and he said, "Cars run ola me, uh huh." While Christmas shopping in Salt Lake one year, he started to jump along raising his feet high in the air. He said that when they were up, it rested them. We gave him some money to buy some Christmas gifts with and when he got back the change in several coins, he said, "Oh boy! You sure make a lot of money doing Christmas shopping!" Mark and Ricky saw a Greyhound Sight Seeing Bus while in Salt Lake. Ricky said, " There's a school bus", and Mark said, "No, it isn't" Ricky asked, "What kind is it then?" After thinking a moment, Mark said, "I guess it's the kind that takes people to the eye doctor." I also kept some other remarks by Mark: He used to go around saying he was "Wild Bill Idiot" (he meant Elliot). Once when I was real hoarse, he said, "Mommy, you sound like the black-faced man on Jack Benny's program." When I was doing some exercises he said, "Why are you doing that? So your skin will fit good?" Here's one he got all turned

around, "Eat, drink would be a merry for tomorrow." When he was about four, he insisted that an airport should be a landport, and that a napkin should be a lapkin. Very logical, I think. When he was in the first grade, he said one day he hoped he didn't get a certain teacher in the 2nd grade because he said she looks like a bug. I asked him what the other teacher looked like, and he said, "Oh, she doesn't look like anything--just a plain, ordinary woman." I'm so glad I had the foresight to write these things down--you just can't rely on your memory to recall such precious sayings. I wish I had written down more and also some for each child. I do have a few I wrote when Stephen and Gary were small.

Stephen's description of spring (when he was four): "Spring comes with her long arms and gathers all the snow up into the sky." I thought that was very poetic. People used to ask Stephen and Gary if they were twins. Stephen said, "All the time when people do tell us if we are twins, we tell them no, we are apart." We were driving through New Sweden one day and commenting on the beauty of the country and what a nice place it would be to live. Stephen said, "I wouldn't like to live this far away from home." He didn't seem to realize that wherever we lived, it would be home.

Once, when he was small, Gary told a story like this: "My story's about people who say bad words. People who say bad words, then Fadder (Father) in Heaven doesn't have to do what they ask, 'cause He doesn't have to and that's all, 'cause I don't know it bery good." He always disliked swearing and once when he was older and reading "Tom Sawyer", he said, "They keep swearing and if they don't quit, I'm not going to finish the book."

Another time when he was four, he was helping Allan one day when he picked up a wrench and asked what it was. "It's a monkey wrench." answered Allan. "Then can I monkey with it?" asked Gary. Allan was getting ready for church one day and Gary asked where he was going and Allan told him he had to go to church to set some temple workers apart. A little later, I heard Stephen ask Gary what Daddy was going to

do. "Oh, he's going to take some temple workers apart," was Gary's reply.

I could have had a whole book full of clever and cute sayings if only I had been more diligent in recording them. However, I'm certainly thankful for the ones I do have.

Stafford had a frightening accident which occurred when he was in his early teens. He was running along the side of the road into Moreland to attend Mutual one night, when a car came by him with a big curtain rod sticking out of the window and the rod hit him right in his eye. It happened in front of Dwight Bingham's house and they promptly called us. When we got down there, there was a cloth, covered with blood, covering his eye. Of course, that meant a trip to the hospital, too. What a frightening thing that was. All I could think of was that he would lose his eye. What a feeling of relief and thankfulness I had, when the doctor, after a careful examination, said there were no glass fragments in his eye. (I should have mentioned that Stafford was wearing glasses at the time of the accident). After his eye healed, he had the frustrating experience of seeing everything double. A minor operation, adjusting the muscles on each side of his eye corrected this problem. We were certainly thankful to our Heavenly Father that no further damage had been done.

In February of 1962, we had a bad flood in our area. There had been a sudden thaw and melted the snow, but the ground was still frozen and there was no place for the water to go but on top of the ground. We had quite a vantage point to watch the flood waters, since they came through the cement dike under the canal north of us and on through the culvert between our place and Harpers. Each morning, we would check the water level as it came up higher and higher into our pasture. It's hard to imagine how much run-off water there was. We didn't feel too threatened by the water that went through the swale between us and Harpers, but we were concerned that the People's Canal bank would break north of us and then we'd have really been in trouble. Harpers were flooded and had to move out and many other people got flooded badly. We were surely thankful that we had built on the hill. Incidentally, the culvert between Harpers

and our place is the dividing line between the gravelly soil (on the east) and the deeper soil with lava rocks on the west where we live. We had to blast quite extensively to get a basement dug.

Just after my 42nd birthday, our second daughter (and seventh child), was born on July 31, 1962. We named her Karen Ann and what a beautiful baby she was. Jeanie was especially sweet with her baby sister and she was such a lot of help in tending her. She would sing "Younger than Springtime" to her and Karen just loved it.

When Karen was about three months old, Allan had a potato convention to attend in Washington. D.C. Instead of him flying back there alone, we decided to drive and take some of the family with us and have a nice trip together. Steve was in his first year at Ricks and couldn't go. Gary didn't want to miss ball during his senior year, so he decided to stay home. Ricky stayed with Harpers and Karen stayed with Willard and Janet Wray. So we took Staff, Jeanie, and Mark with us. What a long trip that was--driving clear across the United States. I got so homesick as we drove farther and farther away from home. I missed my baby and the other kids so much. When we finally got to Washington, though, we really enjoyed seeing all the historical sights, but I think coming back home was the best sight of all.

I collected a few of the stories Karen told when she was very small. "Once there lived a mailbox and it swallowed up all the mail and the mouth was very hard to open. The Mother came and opened it and it said, "'Ouch.'" Next day the mailman came and the mailbox said, "Don't give me any more mail, I'm already full." Another one was this: "The sun and the moon traded places and the sun went where the moon was and the little girl couldn't sleep because the light (the sun) was on all night." One day Karen was eating some ice cream and she said, "It's wintertime for my teeth." But the best of all was this one: "Mommy, why do they call my Sunday School "ginger?" asked Karen. When I replied they didn't call it that, she said, "Oh yes they do. I hear it every time--'Welcome to Ginger Sunday School.'"

I'll try to keep the rest of this in as chronological order as I can. Missions played an important part in our lives for the next several years. We were so proud and happy when each of our five sons chose to fill missions for the church. Stephen was called to the Central British mission and when he left Salt Lake for England, we all went down to see him off. What mixed emotions we felt as we stood outside about three a.m. and watched that big plane taxi down the runway and then come back past us as it was airborne and we watched as it took our first born off into unknown, to us, heights and not be to seen again for 24 months. Needless to say tears were shed, and I remarked "It must get easier or parents wouldn't keep sending their sons on missions." It never did get easier, but we were still glad to send them.

One year later, Gary was called to the Scottish mission, so we had two sons located fairly close to each other. However, they didn't get to see each other until Stephen was released from his mission and received special permission to visit Gary on his way home. A day after Stephen returned home, there was a contest on our local radio station. They said anyone who could name the band on the record they would play could place a telephone call anywhere in the United States. I happened to be the first one to come up with the right answer "Benny Goodman" and they asked where I would like to call. I replied there wasn't anyone in the States that I especially wanted to call but that I had a son on a mission in Scotland. After a brief pause, they said they would go with that. Luckily Stephen remembered Gary's telephone number, having called him so recently, and the call was placed. To make a long story short, they asked me to come in to the radio station to talk to Gary so they could broadcast the conversation, so of course, I did. It was so neat to talk to him and after they had broadcast part of our conversation they said the rest could be private. That phone call caused quite a stir in the community and also in Scotland.

We called Gary one other time while he was in Scotland, but that occasion wasn't quite so joyous. He spent six weeks in the hospital with hepatitis, and we called him

during that time. Gary said that call caused a lot of excitement in the hospital. I'll have to tell you about Gary's homecoming. He got off the airplane wearing kilts! What a surprise! I said, "We sent off a big boy and got back a big girl!."

Staff was the next one to leave and he was called to Holland and then Mark was called to the Lima, Peru mission and Rick was called to Pusan, Korea. Of course, there was a time elapse between each of these calls, and we had college students as well as missionaries during this time. Stephen and Gary and Staff and Jeanie went to Ricks. Mark went directly to B.Y.U. Gary later transferred to I.S.U. and Stephen and Staff and Jeanie transferred to B.Y.U.

Years later, Stephen was going through Rexburg at one time and he had Becky with him. She was not very old at the time. As they passed the campus, Becky asked, "Is that Mark's College?" Then immediately realizing her mistake, she said, "Oh no. It's Rick's College." We've always enjoyed that little story.

I learned something from Stephen when he was a teenager. He asked one day if he could go some place with some friends. I didn't think he should so I said no, he couldn't go. To which he replied, "Thank goodness!" That taught me that kids don't always want to do what they ask. Sometimes they need a way out of a situation and we can provide that way.

Back to Mark in Peru. We had the wonderful thrill of going to South America to come home with Mark when he was released from his mission. He wanted us to do our touring before we picked him up, so we went to most of the main cities in South America and also went to Guatemala in Central America. When we were in Rio de Janeiro, we had an interesting experience when we saw two young men wearing white shirts and I said, "I'll bet they're Mormon missionaries." We went over and asked them and, not much to our surprise, they said they were. We took them back to our hotel and they were certainly impressed with where we were staying. Actually, it looked like an overgrown silo on the outside, but it was very elegant inside. Later that day, (it was

Sunday) they took us to Sacrament Meeting with them. What a surprise for Allan when he saw the son of a former legislature roommate there on a mission. The next night, the mission president invited us to the mission home for home evening. Although I couldn't understand much of what went on, there was a great spirit there and we were all touched by it.

We had quite an experience as we took a taxi back to our hotel. As the taxi driver drove us through a tunnel, driving very fast, I clung to Allan's hand so tight with my fingernails digging into his palm--he thought he was permanently wounded. But I was terrified that we would never get out of that tunnel alive, and no one knew where we were and they would never know what happened to us. Several years later, Allan told that experience to Hal Johnson who later served as President of that mission. He said if Barbara had known what the police were like there, she would have been twice as frightened.

When we went to La Paz, Bolivia, we were both as sick as I ever want to be. It was caused both by motion sickness as well as altitude, La Paz having the highest airport in the world. We both wondered how we could continue with our tour, but we endured and made it. We crossed Lake Titicaca,(the highest body of water in the world) on a hydrofoil boat. It really skimmed across the water.

We next went to Cuzco, where we were to meet Mark--I could hardly wait to see him. We were met at the train by some missionaries who said Mark would arrive in the morning and they took us to where we were to stay for the night. The next morning (being Sunday) we checked with the airport and found out that they were closed due to fog. We went to church and as we sat there I could hear planes circling overhead and I prayed fervently that Mark would be able to meet us as planned. Following church, we returned to our hotel and tried to call Mark, but another complication arose: the phone lines were down to Lima. As Allan was talking to the operator, I went over to the window and looked down to the street below. I saw a tall, young man standing next to a

taxi and I thought that surely looks like Mark, and then the realization hit me--it is Mark. No one ever went down stairs faster than we did and what a joyous reunion that was! When we heard Mark's version, it was even more remarkable that we were able to make connections with him. As their plane neared Cuzco and found it fogged in, their pilot circled around and around, and finally seeing a "hole" in the fog, went down through it and was able to land, but he was unable to take off again. Mark said it was an entirely different direction than he had ever landed there before. Later we visited with an older Jewish lady who had sat next to Mark on the plane. She said, "I think it was your son's Mormon prayers that brought us down." I think so, too, (plus mine.)

The next day proved to be a highlight of our trip (other than meeting Mark)--visiting Machu Picchu, an ancient Incan ruin, which is the site of some of their most advanced architectural constructions. It was discovered in 1911 by Dr. Hiram Bingham, a Yale professor, who happens to have been a Mormon. It is one of the most intriguing and fascinating places I have ever seen. There is a feeling of un-realness about it that is hard to explain. Rather than give you a history lesson, suffice it to say, we enjoyed it very much and is one place I would like to visit again, if possible.

From there, we went to Lima and then on to Los Angeles and home. It was certainly a memorable trip and I'm so thankful we were able to go.

Shortly after moving to Moreland, Allan was called to serve on the Blackfoot Stake High Council. He served there for nearly two years when he was called to be 1st Counselor to Willard Wray in the Blackfoot Stake Presidency. Robert Kerr was the 2nd Counselor. (An amusing sidelight: Allan, of course, was a Republican and Bob Kerr was a Democrat. One day I said to President Wray, "You sit between a staunch Republican on one side and a staunch Democrat on the other. What does that make you?" He cleverly replied, "Real quiet.") In May 1966, Allan was called to be Stake President of the Blackfoot Stake, replacing President Wray who was called to be in the Idaho Falls Temple presidency. Allan had as his counselors Marvin Wray and Robert

Kerr.

Shortly before Allan was called to be President of the Blackfoot Stake, we were faced with a major decision. We felt the need to either remodel our home or build a new one. As we drove around looking at possible building sites, we kept coming back to where we were living and finally decided that's where our roots were and that we should remodel. Again I drew the plans, incorporating ideas I had gathered over the years and eventually came up with what we thought was a good plan. One problem: we couldn't find a suitable front entry. On a trip to Salt Lake to see the church building director, Allan took me along with him and when they finished their business, I asked Brother McKee if he would look at my plans and told him of my problem with the entry. He looked at it for a few minutes, then drew a couple of lines on the plans and said, "There's your entry." It worked out perfectly; I just had to adjust some footages. Our remodeling job turned out very well, the two parts went together so well, the new and the old, that it doesn't look as if the house were added upon. We have surely loved and appreciated our home over these many years. We had a wonderful compliment paid us at one time concerning our home. Wanda Lloyd, a blind girl, came to get her recommend signed. As she came in and stood at the top of the two steps that lead into the living room, she paused and then said, "You have such a beautiful home!" Many people who have come have said what a wonderful spirit there is here. I have never felt that spirit so strongly as I did last year when Allan, having paid off the mortgage on our home, dedicated it to the Lord. It was so special, too, because we had all of our children, spouses, and all but two grandchildren here to share this experience with us.

In March, 1970, it became necessary to divide the Blackfoot Stake, thus creating the Blackfoot West Stake. We were thrilled when Allan was asked to be the President of the new Stake. He again asked Marvin Wray to be a counselor along with Gayle Williams.

Through all these years of service in the church, we were able to have close

associations with the General Authorities, something that doesn't happen so much anymore. With the tremendous growth of the church, the General Authorities have shared more of their responsibilities with Regional Representatives who serve under area presidencies. The time a Stake President serves has also been shortened to around 10 years. That is a great improvement over the "old" days. Allan's father served as Shelley Stake President for 30 years lacking one month.

We had many choice opportunities as a family, too, to have the authorities stay in our home during stake conferences. Some of the best times were after the Saturday night meeting when we would just sit and visit informally before going to bed. One sweet experience I remember with Bruce R. McConkie. As we were discussing our families and children's names, we found we had several names alike. Then I said, "I'll bet you don't have a Stafford." He smiled and said, "We have a Stanford." Then I asked if he could remember their birthdays and he said, "A man has to delegate some responsibilities." How we enjoyed him. I just wish I had kept a record of all who stayed with us and some special thing about each one. I seem to have 20/20 hindsight.

When Allan was released as Stake President of the Blackfoot West Stake in May 1978, another stake was formed out here--the Blackfoot Northwest Stake. LaVerne Marcum was called as president of it and Gayle Williams was president of the Blackfoot West Stake. In April, 1978, Allan was called to be a Regional Representative and was set apart by Ezra Taft Benson, then president of the Quorum of the Twelve. At the time he was called to be Regional Representative, he was beginning a political campaign for the office of governor. He was one of six candidates for this office.

During the campaign, Allan went from north to south and east to west of the State, mostly traveling in small planes. I went with him on a number of these trips thus overcoming in a hurry, my fear of small planes. We were also in countless parades, attended many open houses and political rallies. It was certainly a very rare and unique experience to campaign for a state office, especially for the office of Governor. I can't

begin to tell all that it involved, but it was interesting, exciting, frustrating, exhausting, frightening, just to name a few of the feelings involved.

Well, Allan emerged as the winner of the Primary election, so it was on to bigger things. Since he had just been called as Regional Representative, the non-Mormons made a big issue of this. They said the church would be running the State of Idaho should Allan be elected. This false propaganda along with some poor TV ads did much to defeat him in the general election. One highlight of his campaign was in flying to Denver to cut a tape for his campaign with Ronald Reagan who was then Governor of California.

Following the election, was a very depressing period for us. Even though I didn't want to be "First Lady", still I hated to see Allan lose. He certainly made many good friends and made a lasting impression on many people during his campaign. So many good people worked very hard for him and they shared his disappointment. Even now as he meets people wherever he goes, many of them express their wish that he had been elected as governor. That is one of the fringe benefits of public service--the good people who believe in you and what you stand for.

I really got ahead of my story. I should have started telling of Allan's political career sooner. It's hard to combine life histories but since they're so closely intertwined, I feel I must.

Allan first was elected Representative from Bingham County in 1966 and he continued to be re-elected for six terms. In 1974 he, along with others, decided the time was right for him to run for Speaker of the House. This position is decided upon by House members only. Well, he won the battle, but the war was just beginning. He now had to prove himself to be fair to friend and foe alike, to gain their trust and confidence and respect and this he was eventually able to do. He ended up being a very popular Speaker of the House- was much loved and respected. There are some who still call him lovingly, "Mr. Speaker."

During Allan's tenure as a member of the State Legislature, we had some interesting trips. The State would pay his expenses and he would pay mine. I'm so thankful that we were able to share those experiences of traveling to different places. One such trip was to Anchorage, Alaska. We went up the inland passage aboard The Island Princess, a cruise ship. We would dock at different places along the way during the daytime and would sail at night. That was quite an exotic experience for a couple of landlubbers. At the close of the convention in Anchorage, we came home by way of airplane. That is certainly an awesome sight to fly over those immense glaciers and mountains of Alaska.

We had another interesting trip to Bermuda. It rained a lot while we were there, but it's a much different rain that we are accustomed to. It was more like a nice, gentle warm shower. One day while Allan was attending meetings, I decided to visit a school. I found out where the nearest school was and called a taxi to take me there. It turned out to be quite a distance away and I became quite apprehensive. My apprehension increased a great deal when I arrived at the school and found out it was all black: students and most of the faculty! I put up what I hope was a brave, confident front all the while I was shaking in my shoes. One of the teachers took me on a tour of the facilities which consisted of a number of little buildings--each one contained a different grade. As we went, my tour guide said to me, "You were certainly brave to come out here." I think "foolish" would have been a more apt word. Talk about "fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" I certainly felt like that described my situation. Anyway at the conclusion of the tour, they called another taxi for me which delivered me back to my hotel, safe and much wiser. That was a very foolish thing for me to do. Allan didn't even know where I was (neither did I). I would certainly never dare to do anything like that in these days of crime and violence. I'm sure Someone was looking over me.

Allan has always been involved in many different organizations. He was active in the Potato Growers of Idaho for a number of years and became the State President of

that organization. Then he became involved in the National Potato Council and eventually became the President of that organization. We attended a convention in Miami when he was installed as President of the National Potato Council. During the dinner, the Master of Ceremonies stated that Allan was a Mormon and that he brought one of his wives with him. Later, he apologized to me and said he hoped he didn't offend me by saying that. I said, "Not at all. As long as Allan brought one of his wives, I'm glad it was me."

When Rick returned from his mission to Korea, he attended Ricks College for awhile and then transferred to I.S.U. His first semester down there, he ran for the Student Body Senate and was elected. He served in the Senate for two years, before running for and winning the office of Vice-President in 1981. Then he eventually ran for and won the office of Student Body President in 1982. That was a great accomplishment for him. Some of his detractors made the claim during the campaign, that if Rick were elected the only beer they would be able to have on campus would be root beer. They also called Rick the candidate with the funny underwear. Both these claims served to help Rick rather than hurt him and he had a very successful year as President.

In 1986, the Church sponsored another of their regional dance festivals in the Minidome in Pocatello. Rick was asked to sing the final song "I'm glad to be an American" which he did with great class and ease. He also was asked to pinch-hit as Master of Ceremonies at the last minute and did a great job with it. He surely has a beautiful voice. I was surely one proud Mother that night. All of our boys have good singing voices and I love to hear them sing--either together or solo. I just wish we could hear them more often.

Karen took piano lessons from Doris Adams for awhile and then Scott suggested she take from Alana Eaton who lived in Ammon. Scott had known Alana while attending BYU and thought she would be an excellent teacher, which she was. I would drive Karen to her lessons and sit out in the car and wait for her. She would come out just

bouncing and happy and exclaim, "I just love my piano lessons!" One day I was complaining to Allan about driving so far every week (close to 90 miles) and he asked if she liked her lessons and I told him she loved them. He simply said, "Keep on driving." She could have driven herself after becoming the age to do so, but we enjoyed the time together, so I kept on going with her. When she was a senior in High School, she started studying with Del Parkinson at Ricks College. This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship for all of us. Karen and Allan and I all had such strong feelings of admiration, respect and love for Del and he seemed to have the same feelings for us, so it made for a wonderful association. When Karen attended Ricks College after graduating from high school, she competed her freshman year for the opportunity of playing a piano concerto with the Symphony Orchestra. She won out and what a great thrill that was to hear her play with the orchestra! She tried out again during her sophomore year at Ricks, and again the judges declared her the winner, but Professor LaMar Barrus said it was against their policy to let the same one play two years in a row, so she was disqualified. We felt pretty bitter about that after all her hard work, but there was nothing we could do but accept the fact. We were so thankful she had the opportunity to perform with the orchestra at all, that that removed some of the disappointment. She went on to BYU where she continued with her music studies there with many more choice experiences.

During Allan's campaign to be Speaker of the House, I noticed a lump in my breast. I kept ignoring it, hoping it would go away but I didn't mention it to Allan because I didn't want to add to the pressure he was under. He had gone over to Boise to start the session when I decided I'd better go to the Doctor. After examining me and inserting a needle into my breast to see if any fluid was present in the lump (if fluid is present, it's a pretty good indication that the cyst or tumor is benign)--there wasn't any fluid. The Doctor (Dean Packer) decided to schedule me for surgery the next day. He even called Allan in Boise suggesting he come home. Of course, I did the same thing.

I was told as I was being prepared for surgery, that if the biopsy proved

malignant, the doctor would go ahead and perform a mastectomy without having me come out of the anaesthetic first. So when I came out of the anaesthetic and could feel all the bandages around my chest, I knew what the answer was. I was still feeling pretty foggy, but I remember President Gayle Williams standing by my bed and saying, "We're praying for you and have put your name on the Temple prayer list. "When he said that, I had the most peaceful, calm feeling sweep over me, and I knew I was going to be all right.

When Allan came home from Boise he had to tell the reason for it and so, of course, the news of my operation went all over the state. During the next several days, I was deluged by flowers and cards from one end of the state to the other. Such an outpouring of caring and concern I had never experienced before. My hospital room looked like a florists shop and as I remember, I received around 130 get well cards from people all over the state, people I didn't even know in some cases. I had never experienced before such feelings of caring and concern as I did at this time.

When Doctor Packer operated on me, he removed lymph nodes to send to Boise for examination to determine if the cancer had spread. When the report came back, it was negative--no cancer in the lymph glands. What a day of rejoicing that was. I remember the day I came home from the hospital, the first thing I did was try to play the piano. It was painful and made me cry, but I knew I was going to be able to overcome that obstacle. Incidentally, I was ward organist in the Moreland 2nd Ward at that time and I only missed two Sundays at church. The third Sunday I was back playing for Sacrament Meeting. I had to overcome the difficulty of up and down movement in my arm, too. Each morning before getting out of bed, I would lie there and raise my arm up and down, up and down, each time trying to go a little higher. And whenever I had to reach something in the cupboard, I would force myself to use my left arm so as to strengthen it in every way I could. Gradually, all pain and restricted movement left and I was able to regain full use of my arm again.

Since the cancer had not spread, the Doctor decided there was no need for any treatments, that is becoming a debatable issue now with more women getting breast cancer and having recurrences. But at that time, all I did was to rejoice and be thankful to avoid any treatments, thinking it was all over. Little did I know.

In October, 1981, I went to the doctor after having pains in my throat and chest for some time. He said he thought it was laryngitis. I wanted to accept that diagnosis, but somehow I knew it was more than that and I told him so. He checked my throat again and discovered a lump. He had me go to a specialist in Idaho Falls, who confirmed that there was a growth of some kind there and it would have to be biopsied. The biopsy proved to be malignant, so this time there was no doubt that treatment was necessary. I was referred to Doctor Ratcliff and Doctor Moran in Pocatello. Doctor Ratcliff would administer the chemotherapy and Doctor Moran was in charge of the radiation treatments. I had 29 radiation treatments during a six weeks period and started the chemotherapy at the same time. I was so fearful that I would lose my hair, I even bought a wig just in case. Thank goodness I never did lose my hair. All I lost was the color in it, so I ended up quite grey. During this trying time, I remember thinking that I had to keep a positive attitude, because I believe that helps the healing process. I have read numerous articles since that confirm that belief. I remember hearing a statement to the effect that our bodies follow the direction of our expectations. If that was to happen, it was up to me to think and to act and to be positive.

I had numerous spiritual blessings during this time. Two of the General Authorities said at different times that they would put my name on the prayer list when the General Authorities meet each week in the Temple. Another special experience occurred when Allan had a Zone Missionary Conference to attend in Idaho Falls with Brother Hugh Pinnock conducting it. I had already put on my nightgown and was prepared to go to bed early, but as Allan was getting ready, I suddenly had the urge to go with him. So I hurriedly changed and as we were leaving the house I asked him if he

thought I would be out of line to ask Brother Pinnock for a blessing. Allan agreed it would be the thing to do so he took some consecrated oil with him. Steve and Sue were already at the meeting since Steve was a counselor in the Mission Presidency. Sue visited with Sister Pinnock prior to the meeting and happened to mention my problem to her. Sister Pinnock grabbed Sue by the arm and said "Have my husband administer to her--he has the gift of healing!" What a coincidence that was. Brother Pinnock graciously consented to giving me a blessing and I received a beautiful and inspiring blessing. I could just feel strength pouring into me from those strong hands placed upon my head by Steve and Allan and Brother Pinnock. Unfortunately, I can't remember the words he said-- just the feeling I had.

Another big event occurred at this time. We had been planning for some time to go to Jerusalem and Egypt. The opportunity presented itself to go on a BYU tour with Max Craner as our guide. This turned out to be such a wonderful and completely enjoyable experience. I was worried about how I would feel after just completing my radiation treatments. These treatments would leave me extremely tired and the chemotherapy contributed to this tiredness, too, I'm sure. However I had tolerated both kinds of treatment very well, with not too much nausea, so I felt I would be able to keep up with the tour. If not, I would just do the best I could.

I have heard it said that you're never the same after you have visited Jerusalem. I believe it. There is such an incredible feeling there. Even though so much is so commercialized, just to know that we were walking where Jesus had walked gave us a most humbling feeling. It was also an awesome experience to visit Egypt. Such a fascinating place! The pyramids are immense, but I was surprised to see how small the Sphinx is. We even had a ride on a camel out in the desert by the pyramids. Not exactly my idea of a comfortable ride. I'm not going to make a travelogue out of this--we have a journal that was written by the tour group. Each member wrote for one day and then two very talented ladies compiled it and made copies for each of us.

A few years ago, we were on a friendly basis (we still are) with Myron Coulter, President of I.S.U. and Bruce Hafen, President of Ricks College. (and now Dean of the Law School at B.Y.U.) President Hafen was going to speak at a missionary conference in Pocatello, and we got the inspiration to invite President Coulter to go to it (he isn't L.D.S.) and so we invited both presidents and their wives to go with us to dinner at the Sea Galley prior to the meeting. We had such a perfectly delightful time with them. President Hafen gave an outstanding talk at the meeting and I don't see how President Coulter could help to have been impressed. Of course, we didn't ask him what he thought of it, but he and his wife listened very intently. Afterwards both presidents thanked us profusely for giving them the opportunity to meet each other; they had never had the opportunity to do so before and how happy we were to have been the catalyst for such a meeting. That is just another choice memory that has surfaced and how thankful I am that it did. I don't want to forget such choice experiences as that one.

In 1982 I was reading the newspaper want ads one day and I saw an ad for an organist for the Baptist Church. I had missed being organist so much since the division of our ward. We were put in the Thomas First Ward and they already had an organist. So when I saw this ad, I thought to myself, "I'd like to apply for that." So with Allan's permission and support, I did just that and was hired for the position. I say "hired" because in other churches, the organist is a paid position. However, I told them I didn't want to be paid, that I would just contribute my services (as any good Mormon would). So that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship between me and the Baptists. They were so appreciative of me playing for them and it was truly an enjoyable experience for me. It was interesting, too, to see how another church functions. Definitely not like ours, but they surely have their good points, too. After about a year and a half, it became necessary for me to give up this position. Our ward's meeting schedule had changed and I felt guilty missing my own meetings. So it was with great reluctance that I told the Baptists of my decision and they were equally reluctant to let me go. I have always been

so happy that I had that opportunity, some lasting friendships were formed during that time.

For some time, I had been toying with the idea of closing in our patio to make additional room for dining since we were so crowded in that area. I finally approached Allan with the idea, saying, "I've been thinking....." and proceeded to tell him what it was I would like to have done. He agreed to go along with it and as a result we now have a beautiful room where we spend much of our time. It is so pleasant year round because of all the windows on three sides and it is an ideal place to grow plants, they seem to flourish out there. For lack of a better name, we simply call it "the patio room."

The next year, since we no longer had a patio, I got the bright idea for a deck out in our back yard. So again I approached Allan with, "I've been thinking....." After that, whenever I would say to him that I had been thinking, he would brace himself for what might come next. Anyway, we got a nice deck out in the back but that called for something else. We needed some shade on the west side of it. I didn't want to wait for a tree or bush to grow and we had a large lilac bush at the corner of the garage so I persuaded Allan to dig it up and plant it over next to the west side of the deck with a tractor and front end loader. He, being the good man that he is, did just that (though not without some grumbling). But it certainly provided us with "instant shade" and it has continued to grow these several years. Aren't husbands wonderful?

Another activity which has brought me enjoyment has been having a beautiful yard. It takes a lot of work to keep it up, but the satisfaction I feel makes it well worthwhile. Allan does the mowing quite a bit of the time, but I can even do that. He gave me a riding John Deere lawn mower a few years ago, which takes a lot of the hard work out of mowing, otherwise, no way could I do it.

In June of 1985, Allan and I were called to work as officiators in the Idaho Falls Temple. This has proven to be such a spiritual experience and we both thoroughly enjoy it so much. There is such a wonderful, peaceful feeling that comes over me whenever I

step inside the temple. The people we work with are so wonderful, too. When I received my Patriarchal Blessing shortly before my 15th birthday, I was told "thou shalt have the privilege and opportunity of going to the House of the Lord and there participate and officiate in the sacred ordinances". (I added the underlining just now). What a wonderful blessing this has been in our lives.

Another especially meaningful part of my blessing are these words, "Inasmuch as thou art prayerful and seek the Lord in all things...". This has always been a testimony to me that the Lord does hear our prayers. My Patriarch didn't know that I was prayerful, but our Heavenly Father knew.

Somewhere during this time, Allan was released as Regional Representative and we were both called to serve in the Spanish Branch. That turned out to be another enjoyable experience. Allan was able to converse with the members of the Branch in Spanish, but I was limited to one or two phrases. However, I could play the organ in Spanish which I was called to do. I also served as Primary Organist and Inservice Leader. Allan was president of the Young Men's Mutual and also Membership Clerk. We had many special experiences with these fine people and learned to love them and appreciate them for their sweet, simple understanding of the gospel and their testimonies of it.

For the last several years, Allan has had a very fine Mexican hired man named Ignacio Guerra. They have a very good relationship with each other which is evident in the way Ignacio refers to Allan as the "other Mexican". They carry on all of their conversations in Spanish which has been very helpful in helping Allan gain more proficiency in speaking it. Ignacio is so self-motivated and doesn't need Allan to tell him what needs to be done--he knows and goes ahead and does it. We certainly think a lot of Ignacio and appreciate all that he does for us.

A few years ago, I became addicted to yard sales and auctions. Since that time, I have acquired several lovely pieces of furniture at bargain prices. This furniture doesn't

always look very good when I buy it, but after hard work of stripping off old paint and varnishes, and refinishing it, it turns out very nice and I have a great feeling of accomplishment. I have many of these pieces here in our own home and have given a number of pieces of furniture, plus articles of clothing and dishes and lots of odds and ends to members of the family.

Another hobby has been decorating for Christmas. I always have decorations in about every room. I have made quite a number of decorations that we use every year: a tree skirt with sequins and metallic tape in designs, some wall hangings, and the one I treasure most is my Christmas tree, which contains so much memorabilia, and old costume jewelry complete with lights. This is in a frame which can be hung on the wall.

We have been having a Christmas party for a number of years for the family members who live close enough to come. Several years we have had Santa Claus come to pass out little goodies to the grandchildren. I was looking through my journal to verify some dates and the entry for December 30th, 1980, brought back some pleasant memories. This is what I wrote: "This was a very special day. I told Allan earlier that all I wanted for Christmas was 26 tickets to the "Nutcracker" which was being performed by Ballet West in the Capital Theater in Salt Lake. So this was the day we went -- 15 grandchildren and 11 adults--which included Steve and Sue and family (all but Paul, we didn't think the littlest ones would enjoy it--or be quiet during the performance); Gary and Linda and family--all but Ryan; Jeanie and Scott and three girls; Rick and Terry; Karen and Allan and me. It was such a glorious experience--the dancing and music and stage settings were so unbelievably beautiful. And it was so choice to be able to share it as a family. We went to the matinee and afterwards we went to Temple Square to see the special lighting--another beautiful experience. I don't remember where Staff was living at that time, why he and his family weren't able to come, but Mark was in Thornton -- how great it would have been if they had all been there, too. It was interesting to me to think how many grandchildren have been born since that time."

A Christmas tradition that we had as our family was growing up, was going Christmas caroling on Christmas Eve and taking our gifts to our friends. What a joyful time that was, and how everyone seemed to enjoy having us carol them. That is a custom that seems to be falling by the wayside, not many people do it anymore, and I would surely like to see our future generations carry on the tradition of caroling. We had such fun as we would travel between homes. Everyone laughing and happy. We would come home and have oyster stew and then Allan would read the Christmas Story from the Bible. I remember Christmas morning as usually being a time of exhaustion for me. I would work so hard before Christmas getting everything just right. The house had to be clean, the Christmas decorations just right, the Christmas shopping and wrapping the gifts was always a tremendous job, sending the Christmas cards and writing the letters that went with many of them. Not to mention the pounds and pounds of candy I made each year. I got pretty proficient at dipping chocolates and making other candies as well. I have just about given up the chocolate dipping but I still make the pecan rolls for each family. And I still make peanut brittle and peanut butter fudge, which is one of our family's special treats. Popping corn is still a weekly (sometimes more often) event here at home. Electric corn poppers are certainly a great invention.

Some other fun times we have had as a family, include reunions at Badger Creek sponsored by Ricks College and paid for by us. The thing that was so fun about that was that all the meals were provided for us. We didn't have to do any cooking, and I call that a real vacation. We also had a fun reunion at Island Park where we attended the Playmill and went swimming at Heise on the way home. Last year, we again went to Heise, but most of the reunion was here. That's when Allan dedicated our home which I mentioned earlier. We also have a program every time the family gets together. I'm sure I enjoy these programs much more than the grandchildren who have to participate, but I hope they have enjoyed them, too. It's such a wonderful way to share talents.

We have accomplished something as a family that I take great pride in. Starting

in 1977, each member of the family writes a letter each month (with occasional misses) and sends them to me. I make copies and send a whole packet out to each family. Once a year, we have the spouses write the letter and also each once a year, we have the grandchildren each write a letter. What a great joy and blessing this has been. It keeps us informed as to each families happenings and their feelings and each one has mentioned what a strength it is to them to feel of the family's caring for one another and to know that we are all praying for each other. I am so thankful to each member of our family for making this Family Letter project work. It takes effort from each one and quite a bit of reminding on my part, but I'm not complaining. We have fun with the reminders even. One day when we went to church, we noticed Gary's car close to where we parked (we have different meeting schedules but in the same building.) I left a note for him which read, "Dear Gary: It's a great day for writing letters. Love, Mom" When we came out of our meeting to go home, there was a note for me which read, "Dear Mom: You're right! It is a great day to write letters. A F X M T R F X Y Z. Gary." We had a good laugh over that.

I don't like to dwell on my health problems, but I feel that perhaps I shouldn't just pass over them without a little more said. As I mentioned, I had to have chemotherapy treatments after the recurrence of the cancer. I have been on these treatments every week off and on (mostly on) until the present time, July 1988. Whenever I go off them for awhile, the cancer starts bothering me again, so in order to keep it under control, the doctor starts me back on the treatments. I have to go to the hospital first for a blood test and then to the doctor's office for the treatment. I can't even imagine how many needles I've had stuck in me.

About four years ago, I got up one morning with a rash under my right arm. I went to the doctor in Blackfoot and asked, "Is this shingles?" He said, "Yes," and charged me \$25.00. Well, they soon spread down to my elbow under my arm, across the right side of my chest and across my back to my spine. Doctor Ratcliff was afraid of

the shingles spreading into my blood stream where, he said, it could be fatal. He recommended that I go to the hospital for a series of shots of a new drug used in treating shingles: Zovirex. I chose to go in as an out patient, and for five days, every eight hours day and night, we would make our trek into the hospital where I would receive this injection. That was one of my most painful and unpleasant experiences and it took many weeks to get well.

We went to Hawaii for our first time the winter of 1986. We stayed in a condominium on the island of Kawaii. We rented a car so we could have mobility and go and come as we pleased. What a delightful week that was! No wonder people become so enchanted with Hawaii -- at least that part of it was enchanting. We didn't get to Waikiki Beach or the more populated areas. When Sunday came around, we were very pleased to find the LDS church was located just across the street from our condominium. During Sacrament meeting they held a Missionary Testimonial for two lady missionaries who had been called from that ward. At the close of the meeting, all the congregation filed up past the two missionaries and placed leis around their necks. It is certainly a beautiful custom and very touching.

Last November [1987], Doctor Ratcliff said it may cause a secondary cancer if I stayed on the chemo too long so he gave me my choice of continuing the treatments or to stop them. Talk about a hard choice, but I decided to stop them, but the remission didn't last very long after that. A few weeks ago, I started getting pains in my chest and throat area. I was also extremely short of breath. I realized all of a sudden that I couldn't wait to see the doctor until my next appointment which was in a couple of weeks. I had been seeing him every two months. I called for an appointment and they said to come in the next day. When I went in to see him, the doctor immediately told me to go over to the hospital. At this time, I could hardly breath or get any air into my lungs. If I just sat, I felt pretty good, but any exertion, even walking across the room caused this shortness of breath. It was a pretty panicky feeling. Anyway, we (thank goodness Allan was with

me) went over to the hospital, where they did a sonogram of my heart. It was weird to see my own heart on the screen and seeing how it was beating. After this procedure was over, a specialist read the results and gave them to Dr. Ratcliff. They put me in an intensive care unit (room) with nurses scurrying all around and Dr. Ratcliff came in and said he had to insert a needle into my chest and draw off the fluid which had collected around my heart. This had cut down the pumping action of the heart which was making it so hard for me to breath. He stuck the needle in four times before he found the right place and was able to draw off the fluid. Incidentally, Dr. Ratcliff says this is one of the most frightening things to do. He hates to do it. I felt relief immediately after this was done. It was so good to take a deep breath.

The nurses kept checking on me all through the night, they had my heart hooked up to the monitor that shows up at the nurses desk. I could hear this steady "beep" which was a reassuring sound. The next morning when the doctor came in, he stood by my bed and remarked how everything had gone like clockwork the day before. All the people who were needed were there during this emergency. He said it was enough to make a religious person out of oneself. That is quite a confession coming from him. I didn't realize what a close call I had had. Dr. Ratcliff's nurse said to me later, "You were really in bad shape when you came in."

Once again I am back on chemotherapy every week. I hate it, but I'm so thankful I'm able to tolerate it as well as I do. A month or so ago, Dr. Ratcliff called me a "miracle woman" so you see I have done better than most. I figure there are two ways to face a terminal illness: 1. You can die with it every day, or 2. you can accept it and live your life in as normal way as possible. I chose to do the latter. I have continued to do everything I have wanted to do. People tell me I'm brave, but I don't think of myself as brave, I'm really selfish. I just want to maintain the quality of my life as long as possible. I don't know what's ahead, but I want to keep living and doing and working and playing for as long a time as Heavenly Father will grant me. I feel that I still have lot

of work to do, especially in genealogy. Now that I have compiled my life history to this point, I feel free to go on to other things. This has been a joy to do. I hope whoever reads it will find it of interest and perhaps of benefit to them.

As I contemplate the many experiences that have made up my life, I recall many hard times, many disappointments, many heartaches, but they are far outnumbered by the good times, the happy times, the spiritual moments and the satisfaction of knowing that I have truly tried. I am so very blessed with a wonderful husband and choice children whom I dearly love, who have been wise in choosing choice mates, whom I also love. No one could have better or more special grandchildren than we have. I pray that each one will be strong in the church, having a testimony of it and living the principles of the gospel for I know that is the way to true and lasting happiness.

May God bless us all.

A number of years ago, Ruth Barrus, a teacher at Ricks College and a wonderful organist and person, gathered material on musicians throughout this area. I was asked to submit information regarding my musical background and experience as well as a picture of myself. Sister Barrus compiled all these musical histories with the pictures into a slide presentation and then came around to each community and read the histories and showed the pictures on a large screen. I was certainly honored to be included in this. The following is the history I sent to her and I am including it because it contains some family musical history, too.

BARBARA E. LARSEN

I was born in Shelley, Idaho, on July 10, 1920. I have two sisters and three brothers. My love for music began when I was just a small child and I would play our player piano and pretend that I was playing in concerts. My older sister and I used to sing duets together when we were quite young and my Mother had a lovely voice and loved to sing and later when I learned to play the piano, she and I shared many enjoyable times together as I would play the piano while she sang. I have an older brother who has quite a remarkable musical talent. He played the piano "by ear" and could play anything he ever heard. He also plays many other musical instruments.

I have never had much formal instruction in music. When I was in Junior High School, I had two summers of piano lessons (for which my mother did sewing in return). Music seemed to come easily to me tho' and I became Primary Organist and while in High School, I was Ward Organist and played the Reed Organ that we had at that time. I also had the opportunity to accompany the school glee clubs and also many of the soloists in the Music Festivals. During my high school years, I also played the French Horn in the band.

After graduation from Shelley High School, I attended one year at B.Y.U. While there I played French Horn in the band with Prof. Sauer as director and also in the

Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Leroy Robertson. I especially enjoyed the symphony. It was a great privilege to perform for such a tremendous conductor as Prof. Robertson. I also sang in the Mixed Chorus and Concert Choir under the direction of Bro. Madsen and Sis. Florence Jepperson Madsen. In addition to these performance groups, I also studied Harmony and Solfeggio--so I had a pretty large percentage of my classes in music--for which I've always been thankful. I was unable to return to college the next year so I am thankful I took all the music classes I could while I could

As I returned from college, I again served as Organist in our Ward and also as Stake Organist, which position I held for around 18 years. After my marriage and moving into a different ward, I also became active in that ward as Relief Society Organist, Sunday School Chorister and Ward Organist (not all at the same time)- I also organized a young girls' chorus and they performed on a number of occasions, including giving a concert. I also sang in a sextet and we sang often in church and for funerals and other occasions.

Upon moving to the Blackfoot Stake, I was again active in music assignments: Stake Organist, Ward Organist, Stake Relief Society Chorister, Stake MIA Music Director and am at present Music Chairman and Organist for Moreland 2nd Ward.

After my marriage, I studied piano for about one year with C. C. Clive and some years later studied about a year with Jack Bowman who was an instructor at Ricks College. My organ instruction has been limited to the courses that used to be given under the direction of the General Music Committee. When Ricks College started having their Summer Music Camp, I enrolled for their first course and every day for two weeks, I commuted from my home in Moreland (a round trip of more than 100 miles). That was a tremendous experience for me and it was there I first became acquainted with Sister Ruth Barrus, whom I love and admire very much. Later she taught a short organ course in Blackfoot which I took and appreciated very much. About two years ago, I took another short organ course from Dr. Darwin Wolferd, who helped me immensely. So you see,

my musical instruction has been rather spasmodic but I have enjoyed it all and profited by it.

As our seven children were growing up, we encouraged them to participate in music. Each one has played an instrument and performed in solos or groups. The instruments they have played include: trumpet, baritone horn, saxophone, clarinet, bassoon, guitar, harmonica, violin, flute and piano. We also enjoyed singing together and some of my choicest memories of our family music was when we all gathered around the piano and sang in four part harmony. Now that five of our children are married, we don't participate as much together but enjoy it when we can. Each child still has a great love and appreciation for music tho' their time is directed more in other channels. Our oldest daughter married a fine musician who teaches private piano and also piano and other music classes at Dixie College in St. George, Utah. He is also a gifted composer and was one of the winners in the B.Y.U. Festival of Fine Arts. They have performed in duet concerts in St. George and they are both contributing a great deal to the music in that community.

My husband attended college at Logan and while there had the opportunity to sing in the chorus for the presentations of "Carmen," and "The Student Prince'." He has a great appreciation for music and has always been a source of encouragement for our children and myself in whatever our musical pursuits.

Several years ago, I taught piano to about 15 young students, but as I became more involved in family and other responsibilities, I had to give it up. I have worked for a number of years as an Instructional Aide in the Riverside Elementary School and while there worked a lot in the music program: classroom music, Christmas operettas and various other programs. At the present time, I am teaching piano to my older grandchildren and hope to be able to teach the others as they get older, and I hope I can help instill within them a love for music. In filling many of my church responsibilities, it has been necessary to work closely with other church members in mutually improving

our musical skills, both in conducting and playing the organ. Many of my most rewarding and self-satisfying experiences have come as a result of my church service in music. I am currently starting an organ class for the young people in our ward and I hope I can make this a worthwhile experience for all of us.

I love music; it has enriched my life beyond words. I believe through the right kind of music we can draw closer to our Heavenly Father and have a greater appreciation for the many wonderful things He has placed on this earth for us to enjoy. There is a TV commercial which says: "A day without orange juice is like a day without sunshine." I would like to paraphrase it and say, "A day without music is like a day without sunshine."

I wrote these little verses to give an over-all picture of our family. I didn't put in grandchildren's last names, I figured you all knew which family they were in.)

Where do you fit on the family tree?
Just you look and you will see.

First there was Grandma and Grandpa, too (Barbara and Allan)
They were married June 24, 1942

On December 8, 1943, their life would never be the same
With the birth of a baby son, Stephen Allan was his name.

Number two son, Gary Elswood, was born on November 19, 1944.
How happy we were to have some more.

On March 2, 1947 came son number three;
Red-haired Stafford joined this happy family.

And then, wonder of wonders, on October 16, 1948.
A daughter, Jeanie, was born to make their joy so great.

Mark was born on May 25, in 1953
And what a wonderful blessing was he.

On March 19, Nineteen Hundred and Fifty Seven,
Another son came straight from heaven.
Naming him was rather tricky,
So we decided to call him Ricky.

On July 31, 1962, to make our family complete,
Karen was born--she was so lovable and sweet.

From that time on our family grows and grows
And where it will stop, only our Father in Heaven knows.

On the 4th of March 1966, what did Stephen do
But get himself a lovely bride by the name of Sue.

And then Gary, not to be outdone,
He got married on July one
To his long-time sweetheart, Linda is her name.
Now with two married sons, life has never been the same.

Now came the grandchildren, I'll name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what this family has done.

Stephani.....December 4, 1966
 Shauntel.....November 28, 1967
 Mindy.....December 5, 1967
 Stephen.....June 18, 1970 (6:30 A.M.)
 David.....June 18, 1970 (6:45 A.M.)
 Garon.....June 27, 1970

On July 30, 1971

Staff and Kathy's married life has now begun.
 They were closely followed by Jeanie and Scott.
 Sept. 3 is when they tied the knot.

Then came:

Becky.....April 18, 1972
 Miken.....June 2, 1972
 Jennifer.....Sept 26, 1972
 Emily.....April 3, 1973
 Julianne.....January 29, 1974
 Matthew.....March 19, 1974
 John.....August 29, 1974

Now is the time Rita found her Mark--
 Or was it visa versa?

Anyway on July 11, 1975, they were wed for better or worsas.

And to continue--next came:

Christopher...March 25, 1976
 Lisa.....July 2, 1976
 Michael.....October 19, 1976
 Maren.....November 5, 1976
 Colleen.....April 12, 1977
 Ryan.....January 8, 1978
 Jessica.....January 17, 1978
 Paul.....September 19, 1978
 Christian.....October 2, 1978
 Jimmy.....December 17, 1978
 Jeffrey.....March 24, 1980

Now time out for Rick and Terry

June 27, 1980, was the date they did marry.

And now, more grandchildren to add to the list:

Jeremy.....October 5, 1980
 Timothy.....June 17, 1981
 Jeanette.....November 15, 1981
 Ashley.....January 5, 1982
 Jacob.....January 25, 1983

B.Y.U. is where Karen met her Jim
And on July 5, 1983, she did marry him.

And now to complete the list, thus far:

JoEllen.....July 28, 1984
Amanda.....January 15, 1985
David.....September 16, 1985
Teresa.....October 3, 1985
Aubrey.....June 16, 1986

How many more there will be is anyone's guess
But this I know for sure, you all bring us such happiness.
